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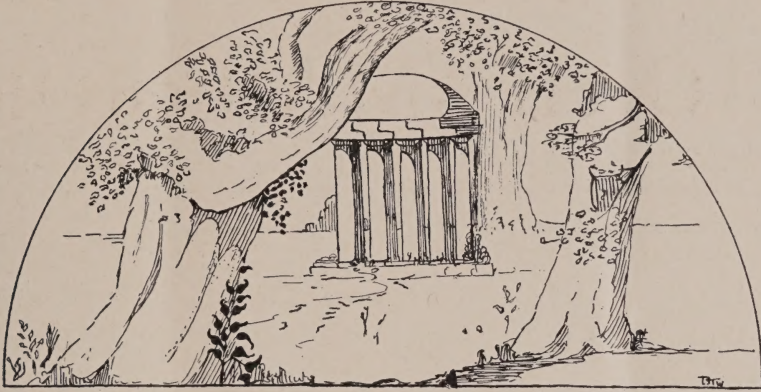
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The Quest of the Lyre

By SYLVIA HUNTER, '31

EAGERLY, Admetus was watching the narrow path that wandered down the hillside. All day the old man had pondered over a way in which he might help his youthful master. As a child, the boy had come to him for council; and now, when the youth had set his heart upon the great mission of his life, he must not fail him.

There seemed to be but one thing he could do; and that was to tell him of the hidden, magic scroll, the story of which had come down through many generations of the old Greek family, of which, Dion, his young master was the last.

Again his eye scanned the hillside, and this time he was rewarded, for, down the path, covering the way rapidly with his long strides, came a youth of noble mien. He was tall, and his hair was brown, and curly, and he was dressed as betokened a Greek of noble birth. He hailed the old man in a happy, friendly voice.

"Here comes your visionary youth, Admetus. What news have you for me today? I see by your manner that you have some-

thing of importance in mind. If it be encouraging, it is well. If it be otherwise—"

"I have ever sought you, Admeuts, for information and understanding; and I ask you, now, what use are all the teachings of the philosophers, if I have naught to apply them to other than vineyards, and olive trees? I have cogitated long, and have finally reached the conclusion that there must be some way to overcome this continual strife and unrest which controls the world today.

"Whence comes this passion for war between nations? Its results are evil: Why, I ask, should one nation be sacrificed for another's gain? There must be a solution to this great problem, and I am bound to seek it out."

"'Tis truly a noble task you have set for yourself, brave youth; and I, who have served your family for so long, will say nothing to discourage you; but this you must remember—difficulties will confront you at every turn. It ever seems more difficult to do the right thing than the wrong." He

looked long into the lad's brown eyes; then finding naught there but nobleness and purity, he continued.

"All day, Dion, I have been trying to think how I could best serve you, and only one way has, as yet, appeared to me; and that is to tell you the story of the Lost Scroll.

"'Tis an uncertain help, but sit you here, and I will tell you the tale.

"For many years young Orpheus had served Apollo as a trusted messenger; but once, when Apollo gave him a particularly precious scroll to be delivered to the musee of music, he neglected his mission, and, in some way, lost the scroll. When it was found, it was taken to Apollo, who flew into a rage and said that the scroll was useless, and caused it to be secreted near an oracle.

"Your ancestors have carried on a search ever since, in the hope that the scroll might be of some great benefit to them, but it has never been found. Boy, there may be some obscure aid awaiting you in that scroll, for I have not thought of it since your father's death, but when the memory of it came upon me suddenly this afternoon, I felt that I had to tell you of it. Now you had best go and rest that you may rise early on the morrow and depart upon your search for the scroll.

That night, after he had retired, Dion lay thinking for a long time; but, finally, he fell asleep.

He awoke with a start, expecting to find himself at the oracle on the hillside; for, in his sleep a vision had come to him. He had found himself bowing to the Pythoness, and as he bowed his head, his eye happened on a round, white stone no larger than his hand. It was imbedded so deeply in the turf that it was nearly concealed by the grasses.

Beneath his fixed gaze, it seemed to grow larger, to rise up and to lay itself aside; and as it did so, there appeared a stone receptacle, which contained an ivory cylinder; and then the cylinder rolled aside, and a yellow parchment slid from within it. As it slowly unrolled, golden characters appeared upon it, and Dion read:

*O Muse, to Orpheus give the touch,
The lyre to play with skill,
That, when with war the earth is plagued,
Peace shall come at his will
If he but play the magic lyre,
Which hangs by Soter's hill.*

The youth sprang from his couch, dressed, and hurried from the house. With great strides, he made his way to the little oracle in the woods which he had passed on a long walk a few days before. When he reached the place, his eye passed quickly over the ground which seemed green and smooth. But he searched more closely, covering every inch of the ground. Yet he could find nothing. Deciding to consult the oracle, he started forward, and as he did so his foot struck something hard.

"Ah!" With a feeling that his heart had stopped beating, he stooped down and parted the grasses. As he did so, a white stone appeared, not clear, and white as in the dream, for it was nearly covered with soil and grass. With his sword point he pushed back the sods from the stone, and found its edges clean cut and even. Prying with the point, he raised the stone, inch by inch, from its place. With an exclamation he dropped the sword, for there in the stone crevice lay the ivory cylinder.

He removed the scroll. As in a vision he read:

*O Muse, to Orpheus give the touch,
The lyre to play with skill,
That, when with war the earth is plagued,
Peace shall come at his will
If he but play the magic lyre,
Which hangs by Soter's hill.*

Throwing himself upon the ground he wept, wept for joy, for here was revealed to him the way to achieve his desire to bring PEACE to the world. Yes, here it was; but, first, he must find the lyre. But if he found it, would it still retain its spell? Ah, he must hasten, he would not go home, he would go to the house of Admetus and secure food and start upon his quest for the lyre.

* * * * *

The kind old man was working in his garden pruning his few but rich vines, when Dion found him. He told him the good news. Admetus could hardly believe it true, but when he saw the parchment, and heard of the vision, he declared that it was a gift from the gods and would assure success.

So Dion set out upon his second search. All day he traveled over the beautiful vine covered hills, beneath gnarled and shady oaks, through flower-dotted fields.

He made his way as quickly as possible, stopping only when the pangs of hunger

would no longer be denied. In the shade of a huge boulder, beside a sparkling stream, he ate, and refreshed himself with clear, cool water from the brook.

Having finished his meal, and having walked a short distance, he came upon a little temple nearly hidden by the oak trees around it. Hoping for encouragement, he approached the shrine, with gold in his extended hands. The Pythoness, an ancient crone, came forth with faltering footsteps, and asked how she could serve him.

"I bring gifts of gold to the sun God, and would ask if the lost parchment of Orpheus be a true sign to follow; and if it will bring success."

The Pythoness led him to the orifice, and cast sweet spices into the tripod of brass. These filled the place with a kind of sweet incense; then, as she bowed herself to the floor of the temple, she bade Dion repeat his question. Slowly he repeated the query. There was a deep rumbling sound, and the Pythoness trembled, and rose, saying:

*"The sun-god deems it wise to say:
'Beware, O-man, at this late day
How on the magic-harp you play!'"*

Laying the gold in the receptacle of the orifice, she disappeared behind the stone piles of the structure.

Gravely Dion looked around. It was a truly oracular answer, and might mean much or little. His mind was made up; he would go on. If success awaited him, it would mean much to his fellowmen. If he failed, he was still young and strong, and the country was full of adventure.

On he went, speaking a cheerful word to a lonely shepherd, sharing his food with a traveler who had lost his way. Night found him far from shelter of any kind, so he gathered boughs from the pine trees, and, wrapping his cloak tightly about him, he lay down at the foot of a lofty tree and slept, with the stars shining down like silvery eyes keeping watch while he slumbered.

In the leathern bag which hung from his girdle reposed the scroll. Lovingly his fingers twined around it, as tho it would scarce be safe out of his reach.

The morning sun rose and poured its warm rays down upon the sleeping youth, and, as it shone through the trees, it made a rich canopy above his head. All around were the deep silences of the wise, thought-

ful, old trees, and at his feet, there lay a soft, deep carpet dotted with flowers; and the birds were singing joyous morning carols.

As the youth was waking, an ancient man came from within the depths of the grove, and, seeing the sleepy youth he said to him:

"Thou art near the spot where the Muse to Apollo did play music so rare that the birds and the beasts did gambol and play. I pray thee, rise, and gaze on high, Apollo's chariot passes by, salute him this new day."

Dion, now thoroughly awake sprang to his feet, startled, though he knew not why. His hand clasped the leathern bag nervously as he said:

"Old one, why come you here?"

"Ah, youth, would you believe me should I say that I know your mission, and know that the scroll so long hidden, rests beneath your hand? Ask me not how I know, 'twere better to keep silent. Youth is ever impulsive, and ready to undertake difficult tasks; and yet, I say, how can a mere youth, such as you, expect to find the thing you seek? I would not dishearten you, but how think you Wars will end and Peace abound when all around is greed for gold, desire for conquest, and lust to kill? 'Tis more than a quest we need. Only through self denial, forbearance, and cherishing the seed of peace in our own hearts may it be accomplished."

* * * * *

While the old man spoke, Dion had gazed upon him; his look of surprise changing slowly to recognition; then his tongue was unloosed and he said:

"Master, thou art the great —."

"Nay, nay, rash youth, speak not my name; prepare thyself food, and get upon thy way. Tho I forsee the failure of thy true mission, I would not have thee turn back, for, with the magic scroll, success must, in a measure, attend you. Depart in peace."

So saying, he passed out from the Grove of Pines, and was lost to view.

"Now why did the old one speak in riddles? Is it not enough that Apollo himself should give mysterious warnings without the worldly wise ones taking it upon themselves to give advise unasked?" Thus thought the youth as he bathed in the brook and ate the last of his provisions.

Just as he was about to depart, he remembered how the old one had spoken of the muse and her magic playing. So, taking the magic scroll, he stood beneath the giant pine, and, raising his eyes to the morning sun, said: "O lord Apollo, in the name of the muse who once here did play, grant me success on my mission, I pray."

As he spoke the last words the clear, sweet notes of a flute were heard in the distance. Quickly replacing the scroll, he turned from the pine grove. Following the sound of the music, he came upon the player who, in truth, seemed the queerest of beings. His body was large and strong, but his hands and face were as those of a child. He smiled as Dion approached, and laid down his flute, which, as Dion noticed, was unlike any he had ever seen. "I guide all Travellers on their way, my flute hath a charm renowned." He smiled encouragingly as he spoke.

"'Twas blessed by Pan, on Soter's hill, and is a friend to man."

Picking up his flute, he motioned Dion to follow him, but seeing him hesitate, he gave further speech: "By assured, fair youth, thy mission is known to me, for the scroll that is in your possession is most potent, and could never have been found, had not the great one so willed.—No! no! keep silent till I have done,—The desire of youth is usually to achieve the impossible. In this you differ only in that your desire is for the good of humanity. Usually it is for personal gain; therefore, the gods have unanimously agreed that such noble ideal must have its reward. Therefore, I bid you take this flute and play, and follow where it leads you. The flute to the lyre has spoken, make haste e'er the spell is broken."

"Now here is a strange turn of affairs," thought Dion. "I start on a mission of my own, taking with me a scroll which seemingly is mine, considering that I discovered it; and here I am, almost within reach of success only to find myself being led by the nose into something I know naught of."

Looking up, finally, he called to the strange being, but there was no answer, and he was nowhere in sight.

"Well, soliloquized Dion, "since he has disappeared, I may as well do as he has told me to, and see what happens."

He looked at the flute, lifted it to his lips, and, half incredulously, began to play.

No sooner had he begun than the desire to be on his way possessed him, and the spirit of rebellion departed from him. Thus playing, and wending his way along the narrow path, he finally came to the great way. Following this for some distance, he came upon a huge gateway, flanked on either side by olive trees. Here he paused. A strange desire to enter was upon him. Raising his hand to open the gate he found that it in some way resisted him, although it was unbarred. Again he lifted the flute to his lips and tried to play, but he was unable to make a sound. Then, realizing all that Apollo, his guardian god, had done for him, a great feeling of humility overcame him, and again he tried to play. This time the notes that came from the flute were low and pleading, fraught with a strange wistfulness. Slowly the gate swung open, and he stepped inside.

As the gate closed behind him, the yearning within him grew more poignant, and his music more pleading; and when he had reached the temple on the wooded hill beyond the gate, he was trembling, he knew not why. Looking up, he saw a gnarled, old ilyz tree, from among whose branches there shone the yellow of gold. Drawing near it, he suddenly stopped, for the golden object had taken on a certain shape and he realized that it was the magic lyre! His search was over! This realization seemed to make his longings only more unbearable. Then, fancying he heard a step, he turned his eyes from the golden lyre and gazed toward the forest. As he looked, he became transfixed, for, coming through the trees was a maiden so surpassing fair that such beauty he had never dreamed of. Her hair, golden brown and shining, hung in wavy lengths down over her dress of pure white linen. Curved red lips against a background of ivory skin, pure as alabaster—was she goddess, or Grecian maid?

Slowly she came toward him along the pathway. As she came, her hands seemed to caress the shrubs and vines that grew on either side; and, as they caressed, they guided her onward slowly, but unerringly. As she reached a scrubby oak tree, she paused, as if to listen.

With a look of awe and wonder, Dion felt a thrill of gladness pass o'er him, like a sunbeam. Peace within his soul came,

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Aeroplane Sketches

By WILLIAM MABB, '30

THE FLYING FIELD ON A RAINY DAY

THE sky was overcast with a solid layer of greyish coluds which hung close to the earth and engulfed the top of the distant hill making it almost invisible.

The plane tied down outside the hangar, tugged at the ropes, as the wind got under its silver wings, and protested that it must be in the air, its natural abiding place, fighting its deadly enemies, the wind and rain.

The wind hurled itself at the ship, banging the controls; the rain poured on the taut linen surfaces; both were striving to destroy the huge silver-winged bird that dared to trespass on their premises, the air.

TWILIGHT AMONG THE CLOUDS

The air which had been quite rough on the take-off was now dead, and the plane just seemed to slide through the air without the slightest vibration.

The sun, sending forth its last reddish

rays, sank behind the purple hills, quite suddenly.

The shadow of the plane on the ground disappeared as though touched by a magic hand.

The river was no longer a ribbon of flame, but a cold, dark serpent winding and twisting its way through the hills. The waterfall which had a few moments before resembled a cascade of precious stones glittering and sparkling in the rays of the sun was now nothing more than a white streak in the river. The clouds which had been red and gold feathers gently waved in a sea of blue were now sullen and black.

But the scene was being slowly changed again, for a huge orange ball was rising from the eastern horizon, growing smaller and brighter, throwing its gentle beams over the earth and turning the river into a ribbon of silver as it wound its crooked path through the hills. A light mist rose from the purple earth like a frail silver veil thrown over it as a barrier against the unknown expanses of space.

(Continued on page 21)

Verses

By PEAL BEAN, '31

FAREWELL TO THE CUCKOO

Ah, my little mystery,
Are you some phantom bird?
For, though yourself I could not see,
I'm sure your voice I've heard.

You've led me through the meadow,
You've called me to the wood,
But I've never caught a glimpse of you
Though I've tried as hard as I could.

A whole long year I waited,
To have you back again,
And then you only laughed at me
And scorned my toil and pain.

Never mind my spry, sly fellow
You'll be back next year,
And then I think I'll see you
If you dare to live so near.

THE SORCERESS

Ah, sly mistress October,
Are you some sorceress
That you have such great power
In changing Nature's dress?

You cast your spell upon the scene,
And sure enough, behold,
The trees that were a silvan green
Have turned to red and gold!

You change the gay flowers of summer
To phantom, ghostlike forms,
And with your magical color
You paint the early dawns.

Your potents of enticing fragrance
Charm every living thing,
And all the leaves begin to dance,
And the brooks and breezes sing.

Grand Champions

By JAMES REYNOLDS, '30

Elbert Jenks is one of the most ambitious boys in our town. He doesn't just do the every-day tasks in the every-day way, but he does them to the best of his skill, and undertakes a lot of extra work in addition to this.

Last November, besides helping his father with the farm work, he bought a young baby beef of his own for which he paid fifty dollars. Elbert gave this animal the name of "Barrcliff Midget." He not only took the best of care of Midget all summer, but also gave him the best of feed, at a total cost of one hundred dollars.

Under such care an animal could not help but grow, and when the Eastern States' Exposition rolled around, this 500 lb. beef of the early spring weighed 980 lbs.

At the show, Midget not only won the grand champion's prize but he won also the fitting and showing contest, for which his owner received a gold medal.

The Forbes & Wallace Company bought this baby beef for \$546.80. Elbert's prize money amounted up to \$130, giving him a clear profit of \$526.80. How better could he have used his spare time?

Richard Kellogg also made a good showing at the Eastern States' Exposition. "Dick" isn't always noisy and full of fun; sometimes he, too, settles down to hard work.

Last spring "Dick" bought twelve baby chicks. He had neither setting hen nor sitting hen, or any brooder to keep these

(Continued on page 23)

Editorial

THE ADDITION

Most of us now attending school were in the grades when Agawam High School was built; therefore, we felt little interest in the dedication exercises. But now that we are in the building ourselves, we do feel a very keen interest in the addition which is under construction. This addition has become necessary because of the greatly increased number of students.

The process of building has been, and still is, an unceasing source of interest to us. With what pleasure we saw, on September fourth, that stakes showing the dimensions of the addition had been driven. Four days later, we watched the gasoline shovel when it appeared in front of the school and after it was removed from rollers, we watched it creep along our driveway to the site for operations in the rear. How quickly it was surrounded by a flock of us eager girls and boys! We found it fascinating to watch the hungry monster gouge out huge bites of earth in a vain attempt to satisfy its appetite, and when the bell rang we were reluctant to leave and enter our classrooms.

After several days of labor, the monster departed and we saw that what had been our auto parking space and our tennis court, was now a gapping pit. The next day we observed men swarming in and around it, squaring the sides and leveling the floor. After the wooden forms for the outside walls were filled with cement, we noticed the changes in appearance taking place more swiftly. And we still find music in the hum of industry, above which we distinguish the blow of the hammer, the rasp of the saw, the thud of the pick, and the scrape of the shovel.

Since the work is now progressing rapidly, we hope to be able to move into the addition in February. But as a part of our natural interest in getting into the new part, we should think also of the increased opportunities which will be ours.

Helen Rudman, '29.

ADVICE FROM BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

From the time Franklin was a boy to the time he was an old man, we may trace his life and find that he did all possible to perfect himself.

Early in life, he read good books and his knowledge of these gave him a reputation among scholarly men of the city.

He says, himself, that his success was due to his practicing his code of honor—sincerity, integrity, and truth. He became even more specific when he followed thirteen virtues which were planned for every day.

The reading of Franklin's autobiography gives us also the idea of beginning at the bottom of anything and of working up. There is, many times, a tendency to try to begin at the top. He sets a good example before us in the way he worked up in politics. He began this work by reforming the city watch. It was a very small matter but needed tending to at the time. We see him rise until in the assembly the members feel that they need Franklin present before a measure is passed.

Franklin also shows that he was willing to take advice when he considered it good, but yet was not too easily satisfied with what other people had considered satisfactory. At eighteen, while visiting Caresbrook Castle, he was shown a well which he was told was called the Bottomless Well because its depth was unknown. Franklin was not satisfied until he threw a stone into the well. He heard it strike and computed the distance covered by the stone.

Another excellent example of this questioning spirit is given in his study of electricity. He was not content in accepting unquestioningly what others had done. He experimented for himself.

It is the gathering of thoughts like these that make the reading of Franklin's Autobiography profitable.

Corada Tinti, '30.

School Notes

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

On September fourteenth, a special assembly pertained to 4H Club work.

Superintendent Phelps introduced the speakers, 4H Club representatives from four different states; Miss Evelyn Golf from Indiana, Major Ward from Mississippi, William Cessler from Illinois, Miss Myrtle Carver from Louisiana.

Each related, briefly, interesting experiences in 4H Club work and encouraged our students to take part in at least one of the many activities offered. They pointed out the value of 4H Club work from a pleasurable as well as a profitable standpoint.

This will be a memorable assembly for everyone who was present.

On September twenty-fifth, Amy Cote, Alma Colson, Orpha Hastings, Mary O'Connor, Elbert Jenks, and Richard Kellogg, a few of the 4H Club members of our High School, told of their experiences in club work.

On September twenty-eighth, the school was very fortunate in having Professor Arthur Rudman of Bay Path Institute, deliver an address entitled "Work."

It was a very inspiring talk.

Under the direction of Miss Powers, the Columbus Day Assembly, September eleventh, afforded pleasure to our student body.

The familiar selections, rendered by Junior High boys and girls, were interpreted so well that they held the interest of the older students.

Barbara Halladay's piano solo deserved its applause.

Marguerite Tatro's solo was especially enjoyed. Her sweet, sympathetic voice held close attention. It is possible to see a brilliant future for Marguerite, if she is willing to work as all successful singers must work.

CLASS ELECTIONS

This year the class elections have been held with little less enthusiasm than the great presidential election. Results are:

Senior Class: Clifford Pond, President; Ruth Renton, Vice-President; Lawrence Roy, Treasurer; Anna Fay, Secretary.

Junior Class: George Roos, President; Rebelle Vancini, Vice-President; Gerald Galligher, Treasurer; Flory Costa, Secretary.

Sophomore Class: Clarence Daly, President; Mae Novelli, Vice-President; John Roos, Treasurer; Alma Smith, Secretary.

STUDENT COUNCIL

In keeping with the constitution, the classes have chosen members of the Student Council. From the Senior class, Helen Rudman, Doris Parker, Clifford Pond, and Thomas Holmes; from the Junior class, James Reynolds, Inez Lucardi, and George Roos; from the Sophomore class, Florence Bradford, and Clarence Daly.

FACULTY

Last June, the Board of Directors deemed it necessary to appoint a new member to our faculty because of the crowded conditions in the school. Consequently, Miss Eleanor Miller, a graduate of Smith College and a former teacher at Colebrooke, New Hampshire, was given the position as teacher of Latin and Mathematics.

Mrs. F. E. Williams, one of our former English teachers, is now keeping house on South Park Terrace. Although Mrs. Williams is no longer with us, we feel that we have not lost her as she is the wife of our principal.

Mrs. Williams has been succeeded by Miss Dorothy Lily, a graduate of Smith College and a former teacher at Monson High School, Monson, Massachusetts.

Among other June brides was Miss Sullivan, our former Junior-High Arithmetic teacher. She has changed her name to Mrs. McCarthy.

MUSIC

Miss Perry, supervisor of music, has organized the orchestra for this year.

Violin: Libya Rovelli, Thomas Holmes, Eva Richard, Arthur Johnson, Louise Caruso

Cornet: James Reynolds, Robert Raymond.

Saxophone: Raymond Geffrion, Charles Marsh, Frank Goss.

Drum: Francis O'Connor.

Clarinet: Bruno Squasso.

Piano: Raymond Bessette.

On October 9, the assembly took the form of a musical given in the auditorium. The students marched in to the familiar tune of the Connecticut March. During the assembly, *March Militaire* was played by the orchestra; and the *Gypsy Love Song* was rendered by James Reynolds, cornet, and Raymond Geffrion, saxophone. As the student body filed back to their class rooms *Black Prince* was played by the orchestra.

The Glee Club has one hundred and twenty members this year. At present rehearsals are underway for an operetta, *The Gypsy Rover*, to be given November 23. Doris Parker, James Reynolds, Clifford Pond, Frances Pedulla, Joseph Sleich, Angelina Mascaro, Gerald Gallagher, Hazel Briggs, Leroy Fournier and a selected chorus from the Glee Club form the cast.

HALLOWE'EN

Black cats and witches,

Ghosts, goblins with switches;

A dark heavy sky,

Star blinking its eye:

A big orange moon,

Shining down on a coon;

The shadows creeping

And always seeking;

And rattling bones,

With ghost like tones;

And the creak of the house

Like a quivering mouse;

White shadows prancing,

Are ghosts all dancing;

And piercing call of the hoot owl,

When cats begin to howl

—this is HALLOWEEN.

James Wright, '31.

ART DEPARTMENT

Each month the school receives an attractive painting from the Springfield Art League, to be hung in our Chapel. The November loan, you will notice, is on the wall at the present time.

All of the pictures, thus far exhibited, show us the modern artists' skill in roughly but never-the-less purposefully splashing his paints on the canvas. Nothing is done minutely now a days—least of all art—but the effect is marvelous. A close view of these pictures makes one feel dizzy, but distant views make one feel the realism of the scene portrayed.

Perhaps, too, you have noticed our drawing desks which are a great enjoyment, especially as they contribute to accuracy and ease in drawing. Unfortunately the class is larger than expected, and we are short of desks. So, on Monday morning if you see a grand rush for that department, don't be alarmed—there is no fire, no Santa Claus.

The girls of the advanced class are now taking up a course of landscape sketching and painting. Soon we expect to go out to paint the beautiful Agawam scenes. Colorful autumn furnishes us with enthusiasm to show our talent. Later in the year we shall take up leather-craft, sculpturing in the simpler form, interior decorating, and possibly advertising.

The boys are not forgotten in this department. Some of the greatest ability is shown by the boys in Commercial Art.

Miss Crowley is keeping a file containing art pictures and notes, referring to art in its various stages and forms. She is hoping to increase the files not only for the use of the art students but also for the use of the whole school.

We are looking forward with enthusiasm to the new construction, now being added at the rear of the building, because it will hold a treasure more valuable than gold—a new art room.

The boys and girls of the Art Department hope *The Mirror* has the most thriving year of its existence, and we pledge most heartily to give it material for its successful publications, with the best of our ability.

Pauline Corriveau, '29.

Junior High

HONOR ROLL

Grade 7-1: Betty Bailey, Myrven Barnard, Virginia Birchard, Elizabeth Bloom, Rose Buoniconti, Nancy Calabrese, George Cowles, Alda Guidi, Jane Hamblen, Shirley Hawkes, Gertrude Jensen, Frances La Violette, Lucille Syner, Eva Violi, Muriell Webster.

Grade 8-1: Martha Burnett, Celia Grasso, Barbara Halladay, Doris Morrison, Rina Raffinetta, Elsie Schultz, Marguerite Tatro, Walter Backiel, Vincent Cirillo, Charles Hamblen, Robert Johnston, Wallace Karakla, Peter Koskeski, John Nacewicz, Thomas Ramah.

Grade 7-2: Hazel Lee, Helen Ramah.

Grade 8-2: Elsie Johnson, Eunice Squazza, Mary Tatro, Clifford Mumford.

Grade 8-3: Blanche Couture, Catherine Moccio, Paul D'Amato.

The following are the results of the election of officers in the Junior High School:

Grade 7-1: President, Jane Hamblin; Vice-President, Joseph Cirillo; Secretary, Shirley Hawkes; Treasurer, Elizabeth Bloom.

Grade 7-2: President, Francis Berthiaume; Secretary and Treasurer, Dolores Hayden.

Grade 8-1: President, Marguerite Tatro; Vice-President, Barbara Halladay; Secretary, George Sherman; Treasurer, Harold O'Neil.

Grade 8-2: President, Joseph O'Neil; Vice-President, Grant Sackett; Secretary, Vanda Georgi; Treasurer, Anna August.

Grade 8-3: President, Richard Shields; Vice-President, Fern Miller; Secretary, Paul D'Amato; Treasurer, Clark Jones.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club began its fourth year under the leadership of Mrs. V. W. Phillips on Tuesday, October 16. At that meeting the following officers were elected: President, Clark Jones; Vice-President, Paul D'Amato; Secretary, Barbara Halladay; Treasurer, Joseph O'Neil; Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Fern Miller.

Executive Board: Dorothy Barnfather, William Gaza, Charles Hamblen.

We received our Current Event paper, which is published weekly, and our meeting was ajourned at 1.00 p. m.

AUTUMN

Autumn is a beautiful season,
Of that there is no doubt,
The leaves are falling with every gust
Of wind that blows without.

The leaves are the hues of the rainbow,
As here and there they fly,
And the trees their bare limbs are waving,
As if to say goodbye.

Autumn is a beautiful season,
Of that there is no doubt,
And there is beauty in every gust
Of wind that blows without.

Myrven Barnard, 7-1.



SPORT NOTES

Now, more than ever, we feel the need for a new athletic field. Due to the grading and construction work which has been going on for the new building, we have been deprived of the small one which we had. Such sports as football, field hockey, soccer, and baseball are a fixed part of school life. Even if we had its use, our own field would be too small for most of these sports, and we have had to hold them in other places.

At present, the girls have to journey to the Exposition Grounds and the boys are being transported to the Bodurtha field for their practices and games. This makes it very inconvenient for several reasons. First, athletes run danger of chill and consequence illness is going to a distant dressing room after a game; second, admission fees are difficult to collect in an open field; third, attendance at games is lowered when the game is played away from the school.

The citizens of Agawam have shown keen interest in the school's athletics. They have shown their interest by giving us one of the best gymnasiums in this vicinity. To further show their interest and loyalty they have come to our games in large numbers. We believe that it is up to the student body to make the townspeople realize our need for a field, and we feel sure that the people will provide one for us.

All the members of last year's football team who were graduated with the class of 1928 are attending college.

Due to the few schools in this vicinity that have girls' hockey teams, no outside games will be played this season. Coach Baker has divided up the squad and we are sure of some good inter-class games.

Agawam at Orange

Agawam opened its football season with a bang that successfully stopped the Orange High gridmen. The score was 14-0.

Waniewski and Sliech scored the touchdowns. Pond scored the points after the touchdowns.

Simsbury at Agawam

Agawam's record battle was a scoreless tie played with Simsbury. Fumbles marred whatever chances either team had of scoring.

Captain Pond made the longest gain for Agawam, a forty yard run.

Enfield at Agawam

On October 11, Enfield and Agawam opened the Twin State League football season, battling to a scoreless tie.

The Agawam lines showed to great advantage while the backfield also played well.

Agawam at Palmer

In a hard fought game, Agawam lost to Palmer, 6-0, the scoring chance being given by a penalty on the fifteen-yard line.

Alumni

Oh where, oh where have the Alumnae gone?
 Oh where, oh where can they be?
 Won't they please come back, if just for a
 chat,
 And then see how happy we'd be.

Doesn't it make us feel great to realize we have so many worthy representatives out in the world to make Agawam High famous?

Now all together—"You bet it does!"

Let us take a peep into the life outside of school to see what some of our alumnae are doing.

We see Marion Allen working very diligently in the office of the Courthouse. It must be fun, Marion.

Bay Path Institute has taken Marion Arnold, Mary Bruso, Anna DePhillips and Nellie White under its wings. However, we know this will not keep them from saying a good word now and then for their high school on the river bank.

William "Lindy" Butler is having his usual good time mixing work with pleasure at Iowa Wesleyan.

Caroline Cascella is working at Haynes & Co. Yes, we know it is office work and not selling ties.

Marceline Gosselin is also working at Haynes & Co.

Nella Bailey and Esther Schwartz are striving to become teachers. They are attending the Brattleboro Teacher's Training School.

Has anyone seen Ralph Channell? Well, I have, but it took quite a while to recognize him, for he insists on wearing a little green cap. Why? Because he is a freshman at Springfield College.

Many of the boys who graduated in '28 have gone further in their seeking for education. Frank Consolati is at Notre Dame, John Pedulla attends Coburn Institute, Gordon Wallace is studying at Boston University, Judson Hastings is at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and George Reynolds studies at Amherst.

Cornelius Crowley is working in business with his father.

Ella Gregory spends her working hours in Albert Seteiger's office.

Zella Couture is employed as stenographer for the C. S. Axtell & Co.

Alfred Johnson is working for the Fisk Rubber Co. Are you finding that the "output" is equal to the "input"?

Helene Kaplinger strives for the highest at the Third National Bank.

Our only bride of the graduating class, Dorothy Munson Rickert, is specializing in domestic work at home.

Annette Letendre is in a position to learn a great deal about law. She is working in Attorney Heady's office.

The Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co., has employed many of our graduates. Josie Novelli, Louise Shields, Martha Tilden, Edith Wingard, Christine Wallace, and Allan Filley are giving their efforts to this large concern.

Anna King has been acting as chauffeur this summer. You enjoy driving automobiles don't you, Anna?

Thelma Gemme is at the Wesson Hospital. Do you really like the office work, Thelma?

Mabel Johnson is working in Kresge's.

Kathryn Otto is also following the domestic line, but she is not married. Kathryn is a helper in a private home. She always was willing to help.

Esther Pond is taking a post graduate course at the high school.

Marion Wakefield is employed as a bookkeeper in the Shriner's Hospital for Crippled Children.

Eunice Perrigo is among the office force at the Smith & Wesson Co.

(Continued on page 23)



Barnfather (reciting chemistry): "Cold is heat frozen."

Carrol (in biology): "Shall I draw the fish's picture?"

Reynolds (reciting chemistry): "Freeze a piece of water."

Junior High Student (Walking into Miss Button's room): "Miss Pronk here?"

Miss Button: "No, she is in the chemical laboratory."

Student: "Who's that?"

Miss Smith (taking attendance): "Where's W—?"

Bodman: "Here it is."

(Definition of Conservation of energy in Biology): "Conservation of energy is when you play hard, or exercise very much; you use up your energy and begin to sweat all over."

Miss Button: "In order to catch a rabbit, I shoot—"

Waniewski: "—at the rabbit."

Miss Button: "There was a cross cow in the pasture that had four horns."

"Do you know if the editor has looked at the poems I sent him?"

"Yes, sir, he glanced through them this morning."

"Oh—just a cursory examination, I suppose?"

"You're right, sir. I never heard such language in my life."—"Tyroglyphics", *The Scholastic*.

Angry Man: "I've been shouting at you for the last half hour, and you only stand there and smile. Who are you, anyway?"

Second Man: "I'm a baseball umpire."
—"Tyroglyphics", *The Scholastic*.

Mr. Gilbert: "Why, boy, don't you think it's about time for you to stand alone?"

Bob (cheerfully): "Sure Pop, I can stand a loan any time."—*Black and Gold*.

Result of Latin test (pupil translating verb *potior*):

I can

I shall can

I shall be canned

Exchanges

The following magazines and papers have come to us as new exchanges: *The Picayune*, Batavia, N. Y.; *The Massachusetts Collegian*, Amherst, Mass.; *The Semaphore*, Stoughton, Mass.

We are glad to welcome out old friends: *The Scroll*, *The Helios*, *The Student Lantern*, *The Mangrove*, *Station B. H. S.*, *The Sentinel*, *The High School Herald*, *The Little Red School House*, *Durfee Hilltop*, *The Signboard*.

We were pleased to find that "The *Sentinel*," Dunbar Township High School, Pennsylvania, has quoted in full Sylvia Hunter's poem "Day's End" in their May 1928 issue. We liked it too.

Everyone who opens the June number of *The Scroll*, St. Ursula's Academy, exclaims over the beauty of the campus picture, "Springtime."

Since but few of the fall issues have been received, we are reserving comment until our next number. We hope to benefit from the criticisms of others and to do our part in giving helpful comments.

CHANGES IN THE AGAWAM MIRROR AND IT'S STAFF

Eight of *The Agawam Mirror* Staff graduated last June. The new members have been helping with this issue: Pauline Corriveau, Doris Parker, and Anna Fay from the Senior class; Grace Brady, William Mabb, and Alfred Roy from the Junior class; Sylvia Hunter and Clarence Daly from the Sophomore class; and Helen Squire and Creighton Abrams from the upper class of the Junior High.

This year we have two new departments. Eva Richards is editor of the new Music Department and Pauline Corriveau is the editor of the Art Department.

Bion Wheeler, '31, drew the illustration for Sylvia Hunter's story, and Alfred Roy, '30, made the sketch for "A Flyer's Diary," by William Mabb.

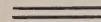
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(Continued from page 6)

resting. And the flute within his shaking fingers once more to his lips he lifted; and the notes that issued from it caused the maid to stop and whisper softly, "'Tis the flute, of very surety."

Then, with hands outstretched, and groping, on she came, and stood before him.

"I know not from whence thou comest, player of the flute, but thy music doth reveal to me that thy desires are for the peace and good will of mankind. Many have sought peace for the world, but, had they succeeded, thou wouldst not be here today."

"Here we stand beneath the Ilyx from which hangs the lyre of Orpheus, bound by vines and thorns securely. Should you loose it from its bondage, at the first touch of your fingers, it would break asunder, and the magic of its strings would forevermore be silenced.

"The music of thy flute, as you came, gave me warning that a soul yearning for peace approached; and I, the blind emissary of good-will as I am here called, came forth to meet you.

"As a small child, I rebelled against the fates that had sent me to dwell, sightless, in this beautiful world. Why should I be put here to wander in darkness, when all about me was sunshine, and light? Even the little birds that sing today and are gone tomorrow were more, I thought, fortunate than I. The humblest shephard maid held a dowry that I might never possess. Thus dissatisfied, I brought unhappiness to all about me. Then, alone, one day I wandered, strayed away into the forest; seeking blindly, I knew not what; but a burning desire consumed me to escape the thoughts that held my mind in bondage. Groping, stumbling, until exhausted, down I threw myself, not caring where I was nor what befell me. Thus I fell asleep; and it would seem that in sleeping, something new was born within me. When I awoke, the stillness of the forest seemed to hold me in its keeping; expectation ruled my spirit. Then, there came upon the stillness, music, sweet and soft, alluring; enfolding me within its spell. And I rose, with heart rejoicing, and oblivious of my blindness, I followed where it seemed to lead me. On and on I went, untiring; peace was mine; so said the music. 'Go your way to home and gladness, and to others

(Continued on page 19)

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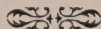
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(Continued from page 17)

teach the lesson thou hast learned here, in the forest.'

"When I heard the plaintive flute-notes, calling to me, o'er the hill, 'twas like the call of arms to soldiers; and here beneath the ilyx tree hangs the magic lyre of Orpheus with its strands all bound and useless. You have sought it on your mission as an ally to insure your success. Knowing not what power within urges me, I intreat you, stay your fingers from its strings forever. Place your faith in things more worthy; conquer self, until peace within you will overflow and spread about you, peace; peace to all your fellow men. Then will you attain your highest purpose; right, and truth shall be your watchword. Lift the flute and play in triumph until the hills and vales about you echo to the sound of music played by one who self hath conquered, and dares tell it to all people."

Here the maiden paused, and turning seemed about to leave him. With great strides, Dion placed himself beside her, touched her with his trembling fingers, stayed her purpose; then, with eager hands he raised the flute to his lips, and played as only he who has found the desire of his heart can play. Notes alluring, notes of rapture, notes that told of a great triumph, notes that plead with men to stay their hands from war and take peace within their souls to stay. As the last notes of the flute died away, Dion removed it from his lips, and placing it carefully at the foot of the old ilyx, came before the maiden, and with face aglow with steadfast purpose, he took her hands within his own saying:

"O, fairest and wisest of maidens, 'tis from thee I have learned such a lesson as the greatest of all the philosophers with their learning and all their wise teachings were unable to expound to me. This scroll, with its words of magic, held, truly, an unknown meaning. The lyre with its useless strings may forever hang from the old tree as a warning to those who put their trust in material things; and the flute—ah, the flute was a true messenger, for it brought me to you, truest and loveliest of maidens. And here I beseech you to listen: "Let my eyes be to you as your own; let my hands lead you o'er the rough way; and let the love in my heart stay with you. Teach me truths, and the wisdom of living, that others may see the true way."

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(Continued from page 7)

THE HANGAR

The ponderous green doors of the hangar rolled open, disclosing the floor crowded with all colors and makes of aeroplanes, huddled together like a flock of giant birds.

Standing majestically in the center, with its huge silver wings spread over the rest of the flock, was a large silver monoplane. Its windows clear as crystal and not a spot of grease or oil on it anywhere—the pet of some happy mechanic. Under the shadow of its great wing, rested a tiny blue and yellow biplane, which, with its little wings barely two feet wide, gave the impression of a large eagle protecting a tiny sparrow.

Along the side of the wall, stood an old training plane sheared of its wings and like a clipped chicken unable to fly. The fabric on its sides was cut and torn, the front was covered with grease, the paint was chipped and faded. The plane had an aspect of sadness about it; perhaps it was thinking of the days gone by, when it had been the pride of its mechanic and had soared to dizzy heights among the fleecy clouds.

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(Continued from page 14)

Esther Stebbins has returned from a trip to Washington, D. C., and is now residing with her sister in Feeding Hills.

Laura Van Deusen attends a comptometer school. We didn't know you liked "machines," Laura.

Marie Hewey is employed in the office of the Westinghouse Electrical Manufacturing Co.

Vivienne Rising is working at the Adaskin Furniture Co.

Katherine Rowley has a position with the Package Machinery Co. of Brightwood.

Louis Ferrarini also has a position. Won't you let us know where, Louis?

Louis Pedulla is interested in the landscape gardening, which he is doing near his home.

Barbara Fruwirth is working for Milano, the caterer, in Springfield. It sounds like an inviting position, doesn't it?

We hope we have not forgotten anyone of the 1928 class, and we sincerely hope each and every one of them will pay us a visit in the near future.

"Do I bore you?" asked the mosquito politely, as he sank a deep shaft into the man's leg.

"Not at all," said the man, smashing the mosquito over the head with a book, "and how do I strike you?"

—*High School Register*, Burlington, Vt.

Lieutenant (examining recruit): "Have you any scars on you?"

Recruit: "No, but I can give you a cigarette."

High School Register, Burlington, Vt.

(Continued from page 8)

chicks warm, but he did not let that fact stand in his way. He kept a jug filled with hot water near them all the time and thus, under difficulties, he raised the twelve baby chicks that became hens and won the grand champion's prize for him at the Exposition.

Kellogg has been raising chickens for five years. He is a member of the Agawam Poultry Judging Team, which consists of Richard Kellogg, Elbert Jenks, and Leroy Fournier. They have won several first prizes in this line.

We have, also, two expert canners in Amy Cote and Alma Colson. If you want a real treat, I am sure you will get it if you break into their house some dark night and tackle their canning cupboard.

If we could look forward into the year of 1938, I am positive we would find prosperous conditions for these boys and girls. I am sure we would see Jenks with a baby beef ranch, Kellogg with a poultry farm, and perhaps Alma Colson or Amy Cote teaching cooking in Agawam High School.

James Reynolds, '30.

What To Do Before the Doctor Arrives

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